

you've got me nervous to move (so i just won't give anything to you)

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by [nonafng](#)

Summary

He watches the way George's eyelashes flutter at the contact, watches the way his hair falls in front of his eyes, hooded and cast towards Dream. Chest heaving and lips kissed red.

George's left hand lightly touches his knee, and he's reminded for a moment of George's soft touches before this all happened.

He can't go back to that again. Can't even fathom only having George touch him like a *friend* when he's capable of so much *more*.

(Or, Dream finds out the hard way that George is a lot more touchy than he expected. Feelings arise!)

Notes

This started off soft I swear! Despite the tension all they do is kiss.... kind of.. Please read tags and make sure you're comfy with them before reading (:

Obligatory this is a fictional story I wrote for fun and to broaden my own creativity!

Dream feels George shift against him where they lay on his bed. Being this close to George isn't an *extremely* new experience, but it's still *new* and his heart has yet to get used to it.

Shortly after George moved in with him and Sapnap, it became alarmingly apparent that despite his onscreen demeanour, George was actually a pretty touchy guy.

It was minuscule at first, small mundane touches like George tapping their shoulders or forearms to get their attention. Or splaying himself out on their already too-small couch only to wiggle his socked toes under Dream's thigh.

Dream didn't think it was possible, but as time passed, he got used to small hands brushing the lower part of his back as George squeezed his way through their small kitchen.

He got used to the way George would scoot himself closer to Dream's side while they watched shitty tv. He even started looking forward to when the older would run his thin fingers through Dream's hair every morning when Dream was cooking himself breakfast.

It still makes goosebumps cover his arms, but at least he no longer visibly freezes, or has to take 3-5 business days to process the fact that his best-friend touches him so easily and intimately. (That's a lie, he knows! Often times he keeps himself awake thinking about it.)

See, despite what everyone thinks, Dream *isn't* a touchy guy.

He goes out of his way to avoid accidentally brushing up against people when they're in a crowded space. Dream opts to raise his voice a little louder to get somebodies attention, silently touching them to grab their attention instead doesn't even cross his mind.

He gets embarrassed when he brushes hands with a friend while they're walking beside each other for christ's sake.

Don't get him wrong! He's not averted to the prospect of touching, in-fact he actually likes the comfort it can bring, he just... has to be comfortable with someone for it to feel natural.

Somewhere in his brain, wires got crossed and made touching become a thing that his body was only comfortable with when it was coming from someone he really loved. Someone he was intimate with.

So with this in mind, although George touching him is not a new occurrence, George being in his bed like this *definitely* is.

If anyone asked, Dream would say he thinks he's done a pretty good job at training himself to be relaxed with George's touches. But in saying that, he's still extremely aware of every place on his body that is in contact with George.

The older mans hand is gentle on Dream's chest, laying feather light where his heart sits. The hair at the nape of George's neck tickles the skin on Dream's arm, where it's pinned under the other boy, like some sort of faux pillow.

Warmth radiates from George's shoulder where Dream dared to rest his hand not long ago, too scared to touch him anywhere else. Dream can feel George's other hand, the one trapped between their bodies, tapping an idle rhythm against Dream's side. The jumper he's wearing muffles the

touch but he's still aware of it, still so, *so* aware of it.

He feels George stir once again, he focuses long enough to drag his eyes from his ceiling to look at George.

The latter's eyes are closed, and his mouth is parted slightly. He can feel George's patternless breaths against the skin of his neck that his hoodie exposes.

He knows George isn't asleep. Despite the light tapping against Dream's side ceasing and the older's closed eyes, Dream knows he's awake. Multiple moments of George falling asleep, warm against Dream's side on their shared couch flashes in his mind.

It's easy to tell by the way George doesn't allow all his weight to fall on Dream, even though Dream's used to it at this point. Or by the way George's breath catches on Dream's collarbone. Too shallow and inconsistent.

Dream lifts his head a little when George shifts once more, this time Dream can see the older man readjust the dead-weight that is his right arm so it's laying underneath himself once more.

He watches George lift his hand from Dream's chest momentarily to swipe that one unruly strand of hair out of his eyes, so it no longer tickles the bridge of his nose.

Dream finds his chest cooling rapidly and his heart aching in tandem. He tries to ignore the way both his heart and skin sing when George's hand is back in its place.

Despite George's slight discomfort, he seemingly settles down once more. With his eyes closed and his breath evening out, Dream allows himself to look at his best-friend.

At this angle George's eyelashes seem ridiculously long. There's sunlight peeking through Dream's curtains but it's diminished by the late time of day. It still puts a spotlight on all the small details of George's face though.

The barely-there scars that come with growing up that are only visible sometimes. Smile lines that keep their place on George's soft skin even when his face is neutral. Imperfections that Dream realises aren't really *imperfections* at all.

Dream pulls his attention to the faint scattering of freckles high on George's cheeks, heavier on one side than the other.

His eyes are dragged lower, catching on the few day-old stubble that George says he hates but Dream knows he doesn't mind.

Lower.

George's lips look thinner at this angle than Dream *knows* they actually are. The colour of them contrasts against George's skin in the late evening sunlight.

His lips look soft.

Dream's eyes follow along the slope of George's jaw, down to his chin. Stubble catching in the light. It makes Dream's heart ache.

The dichotomy of it all.

The dichotomy of George.

Soft skin, but mottled with rough stubble. Pink lips, but pale everywhere else. Slight, but able to command an entire room's attention when he wants. Sharp tongue, but soft touches.

Self-contained, but seemingly eager for any form of closeness.

The dichotomy of George drives him *crazy*.

It makes his heart swell in his chest, to the point he's not sure his ribcage can hold it any longer. He wants to move the hand he has rested on George's shoulder, run it down his back, across his shoulder blades.

He wants to mimic the way George would trace his deft fingers through Dream's hair every morning, washed or not. He wants to see if he has the same effect on George that the older has on him.

It *terrifies* him.

The way he *wants* to touch George.

It doesn't get past Dream, how quickly his body accommodated George and his lack of boundaries. He knows he warmed up to the act of George touching him quicker than he would anyone else.

He still doesn't let Sapnap cling too long when they hug. And here he is, hours passed with George glued to his side. The only discomfort being the nerves that are a constant flutter in his stomach.

Dream turns his face back to the ceiling, lets himself hold George's shoulder a little tighter. Tells himself it's so his hand doesn't slip away from the other.

He picks at the skin around his thumbnail of the hand that's hidden from view in his hoodie pocket. His mind is racing with no end in sight any time soon.

He wants to think that he never knew this would happen, but he's not naive. If he thinks hard enough, it becomes obvious.

Obvious in the way he'd call George first thing in the morning under the guise of a new idea for a video he wanted to discuss.

Obvious by how their conversations would always derail from their previous objective, turn into something softer, turn into them sitting in comfortable silence more often than not, until one of them fell asleep.

Obvious in the way he'd jump at any and all opportunities to prove himself to the older man, unusually desperate for George to see him as someone capable, someone to rely on.

Obvious in the way he hangs off of George's every word, even when they were younger.

Yeah, Dream thinks.

It was obvious.

Dream's attention is redirected when he feels George move his head further away from Dream's shoulder.

He watches George raise his head up and lift a heavy eyelid to sleepily peek at Dream.

Dream says nothing, still caught up in his prior train of thought. He's not sure if he's supposed to

say anything anyway.

George drops his head back on Dream's upper arm heavily, closing his eyes again. It dislodges Dream's hold on George.

He lets his hand fall on to the mattress behind George, tries not to be disappointed by the loss of contact. Too scared to resume the touch when the disconnect has already become so obvious.

Dream doesn't get too much time to dwell on his discontent before George finally seems to do something about his restlessness.

The hand that George has had resting lightly on Dream's chest this whole time, is used to push himself up just enough so that he's able to get his other arm underneath himself for leverage as well.

In moments, George is sitting up just above Dream, facing him. Evidently a lot more alert than before.

He watches George's eyes look down at his chest, watches him contemplate his next move. It's strangely intimidating, being under the palm of George's hand, unwilling to move even if he wanted to.

He seems to come to a decision fairly fast, settling whatever dispute he was having with himself easily.

George doesn't remove his hand from Dream's chest, the pressure of the touch on his sternum is almost too much. His attention is brought back to the older man's pale fingertips stark against Dream's black hoodie.

George's touch feels unlike it did before.

It feels lethal, like it's suffocating him even though the weight of it is far from being fatal.

Dream's heart acts fast, reacts to the adrenaline George unwillingly gives. It speeds up, readying itself for something, deceived by prehistoric functions that tell it to prepare itself. Prepare itself to compensate for some form of injury, some sort of fight.

Dream knows better.

George just makes him *nervous*.

So instead of a fight, all it gets is George's soft weight leaning against Dream's sternum, the lock on its cage. One of George's fingers taps softly where it rests. It feels like a question.

He's too late, he knows George can feel the rhythm of his heart. Keeping feelings to yourself is a lot easier when your own heart isn't set on betraying the body and mind that accompanies it.

Dream dares to look up at George, whose lips are quirked into a smug looking smile. Dream feels his face burn too quick, turns his head away from George's gaze before the thought to do so even crosses his mind. Another one of those pesky prehistoric functions hardwired into his making.

George laughs then, it's airy and teasing but not malicious. Never malicious.

Dream doesn't even have the heart to reprimand him when he sounds like *that*.

He feels George shift his weight against the mattress, like he's readjusting himself. The physical

pressure against his chest eases slightly, the weight on his heart stays the same.

"Dream?" His voice is *so* soft despite the ringing in Dream's ears.

"What?" It's rough from misuse, but sharp. He's still unreasonably embarrassed.

George is silent for a moment. Dream refuses to turn back until the blood in his face is working in tandem with his head instead of his heart.

"*Dream.*" He draws out his name when he says it, teasing.

He doesn't turn to face George again until he feels the older man use his free hand to trace small patterns on the back of the hand that he had wrapped around George's shoulders moments ago.

The touch sends sparks up his arms, and numbs his fingertips momentarily when George decides it's a good idea to weave his fingers through Dream's own. It is, it's a *great* idea actually. Good at making sure the already overworked muscle inside Dream's chest is still kicking.

Dream's attempts at calming it prove to no avail. He can only hope George goes easy on him from here on out. *Wishful thinking.*

George almost seems closer than before. The quirk of his lips that left Dream shying away from the others attention moments ago is no longer present.

Instead, George brushes his bottom lip with his tongue before bringing it between his teeth momentarily. It leaves his lips shiny and inviting. Dream can't help but stare, he wonders if George knows what he's doing to Dream.

Who is he kidding, of course George knows what he's doing to Dream.

He hasn't exactly been subtle. Even after he became semi-accustomed to George's seemingly platonic advances. He still wasn't subtle. He even started to think George got some sick kick at Dream's expense. The thought still makes his head spin.

When Dream finally drags his eyes away from George's mouth, he's greeted with George staring right back.

The others eyes are heavy lidded as he looks down at Dream. He still looks annoyingly smug but he somehow makes it less in-your-face this time. Dream figures he'll give him this win (he knows deep down he doesn't have a choice in the matter.)

Dream feels the movement of George's hand on his sternum before he sees it, too busy looking at George's pretty face and his pretty brown eyes and his pretty mouth. His lips are more full head on, Dream *knew* this.

He keeps eye contact with George, feel's him slowly draw his palm lower, between his rib cage, across the soft material of his hoodie that's protecting even softer skin, soft skin that's protecting everything vital.

Dream tries to pay no mind to the way his chest is rising and falling heavier, ignoring the way it lifts in his peripheral. George completely bypasses Dream's free hand that's been resting in the pocket of his hoodie this entire time ('resting' is a loose term Dream is using. He only stopped picking at the skin around his nails when George decided he was going to personally ruin Dream's life.)

His breath hitches when George's hand stops, pausing on his lower stomach. It makes him squeeze the hand that's in George's involuntarily. The older raises an eyebrow in question before breaking eye contact in favour of looking where his hand lays against Dream.

Dream's still watching George's face, he's scared to look away.

He's afraid that if he makes any sudden movements, the spell that George has put them both under will suddenly break. And the thin plaster walls surrounding them will collapse to reveal a concrete studio, with cameras on him and people shouting, 'Surprise! You've been pranked'.

George's eyes suddenly meet his own once more, they look almost black with his back facing towards the window, light coming through the curtains casting soft shadows over the older man. Dream can't look away, doesn't want to.

George's fingertips stray from their original place, dipping lower, testing the waters. George's eyes never leave his own. The heat pooling low in Dream's stomach becomes immediately apparent when George's fingers brush the skin exposed between his hoodie and sweats.

His eyelids feel heavy, the air surrounding them feels heavy, warm, *overbearing*. George's fingers leave burns in their wake against his cool skin. Dream sees him bring his lip between his teeth once more, his two front teeth leave small indents on his bottom lip after they release it.

He feels George softly graze his fingernails across his skin, Dream's eyelids flutter and fight to stay open. It causes goosebumps to run up the tops of his arms, hidden by the sleeves of his clothing.

His head feels like it's full of fog, or something *thicker*, harder to wade through, something like molasses.

He watches George watch him to the best of his ability.

He watches the corner of George's lips turn up temporarily when his fingers brush a sensitive patch of skin at Dream's hip, causing him to grip George's hand a little tighter. He watches George's mouth part briefly when Dream shifts after the older traces the soft hair low on his stomach.

He watches George watch him.

It's intoxicating, witnessing George finally understand just how much power he has over Dream.

The molten heat pooling below the tips of George's fingers begs Dream for attention. He wants to disregard it, he's so used to ignoring the things he wants. *Especially* when it comes to George.

But his judgment is clouded and coated in viscous sugary syrup, he's not thinking straight anymore.

"George." It sounds small and pathetic, even to his own ears, which currently feel like they're stuffed with cotton, muffling his surroundings.

The older man stops his ministrations, lifts his fingers from where they were tracing lightly along the elastic of Dream's sweatpants, and instead rests his now free hand on top of Dream's, that's inside his hoodie pocket.

It gives Dream a small reprieve for a moment. He exhales heavier than he means to, closes his eyes tight for a few seconds to cool off. He didn't realise how hot his skin was burning until the fog cleared a little. When he opens his eyes again, George is looking at him, eyes clear and inquisitive.

"What is it?" His voice is just as much of a whisper as Dream's own was.

Dream's at a loss for words. His head is clearing but nothing is being revealed in the absence of the fog. He doesn't know what to say to George, what to ask of him.

He doesn't know what he's *allowed* to ask of him.

He knows George isn't stupid, as much as Dream loves calling the older man an idiot. He knows George can understand the implication of his actions right now. He has to know they've crossed some sort of invisible line here.

Dream doesn't want to stop crossing it.

He sighs heavily and blinks at his ceiling a few times, he doesn't know what to say to George.

Luckily he doesn't have to.

"Dream."

He looks back at George, who's reaching a hand inside Dream's hoodie pocket to unearth Dream's own.

George is looking at him so softly, Dream's afraid to put a label on his expression, doesn't want to be wrong.

With both of his hands in George's, the older man gives them a soft squeeze before speaking.

"Don't overthink it."

The blood rushing in Dream's ears is so loud.

He's impervious to George's following actions. He feels like he's floating outside of his own body as George moves to sit in his lap.

Imagines himself watching from an outsider's perspective.

Watching George let go of Dream's hands momentarily so he can adjust the pillow under Dream's head, so he doesn't have to crane it at an awkward angle to see George.

Watching George lean over him and fiddle with the front of Dream's hair, running fingers through it to push it out of his face.

Watching George fully take the initiative. Dream's *awestruck*.

He's stuck looking at George's eyes, which are focused somewhere at the top of Dream's head, too busy wrestling with Dream's stubborn hair.

George's fingers in his hair is a common occurrence, George's fingers in his hair while George is straddling him is *not*.

Dream is thankful he's wearing a hoodie, the last thing he'd want right now is for George to tease him about the goosebumps the older man is currently involuntarily giving him.

Eventually George gives up on Dream's hair, uses his hand to instead trace his touch down the side of Dream's face.

Dream's heart is starting to feel more and more like it's a magnet being pulled towards George's own.

George starts swiping a thumb softly next to Dream's mouth. It catches once on the side of his lip. Dream closes his eyes.

"This okay?"

Dream subconsciously pulls a leg up, bent at the knee to accommodate George and keep him in place. He rests a hand by George's own leg, grazes a knuckle there, too scared to touch him properly just yet.

He can't say anything, can't get his mouth to work. Or can't form the words enough to even send them on the way from his brain *to* his mouth.

So he nods instead. *Of course, it's okay.*

He opens his eyes just in time to see George smile softly. His eyes are flicking across Dream's features, never really sticking to one place.

"You just seem nervous, that's all."

It's spoken low. In that voice that George will sometimes use on Dream. The one that people will mistake as flirtatious (he supposes he owes everyone an apology for thinking otherwise.)

George's smile widens and Dream groans. He lifts the hand that is currently not touching George to his face. Uses it to swat George's hand away and shield himself from George as best as he can while his face burns.

George is laughing again. Laughing in that way that you can tell he's pleased with himself.

"*Nooooo.*" He's saying it between giggles. George starts pulling at Dream's arm and his hand, trying to uncover Dream's face. But Dream's stronger, so it takes a bit more convincing than usual.

Once George has managed to pull Dream's arm away from his face, he's still laughing softly and both of them are breathing heavily from the exertion. George immediately re-laces their fingers together and sits up a bit.

Dream huffs and pinches the side of George's leg in retaliation.

George seems elated at Dream's reaction. Not convincing Dream that he isn't a sadist that gets off on Dream's embarrassment.

Dream's heart jumps out of his chest when George starts to lean forward. He takes their clasped hands with him and places them on Dream's pillow beside his head.

Dream is stronger, if he wanted to get out of George's hold he could.

If he wanted to.

George's face is close but not too close, he's still able to trace his eyes over George's features from this distance. He watches George do the same to him.

He wouldn't be surprised if George could hear the way Dream's heart skipped beats when George's eyes traced over his mouth. Or the way it stopped entirely when Georges's eyes met his own.

George chooses that moment to reach down and pull Dream's other hand away from his leg. He fits their hands together so they're palm to palm, places their hands beside Dream's face identical to their other ones. Weight heavy and restraining.

(There's something there, some metaphor about how George has Dream in the palm of his hands.)

George lifts himself up slightly, so his arms are straight and their conjoined hands are presumably leaving impressions in the pillow underneath him. His eyes never leave Dream's.

Dream is pinned, in more ways than one.

All Dream can do is watch him, as his heart begs to get closer to the other man. He feels like that's all he's ever doing, watching George, begging to get closer.

Dream lifts his other leg up, tries to pin the older in his own way, doesn't want George to leave. The movement pulls George forward a little bit, causes him to push against Dream's hands a little harder.

Dream is sure if George wasn't holding them still right now, his hands would be shaking.

Dream holds his breath when George lowers himself down, his face only inches above Dream's own. So close their noses bump, George tilts his head slightly, looks at Dream questioningly.

Dream doesn't pull away or go to start moving. He doesn't want to, he wants *this*.

He thinks he sees a flash of relief in George's eyes before the older man wets his lips once and moves closer once more.

His presence is suffocating, if Dream thought the weight of George's hand on his chest minutes ago was too much, having George pressed up against him like this is almost unbearable.

Everything is too much and not enough at the same time. Too warm but not warm enough. Too close but *definitely* not close enough. He needs George closer, needs them touching everywhere.

He pushes against the hold George has on him, not enough to displace George but hopefully enough to convey his want.

It's enough, George gets it.

Dream closes his eyes when he feels George move impossibly closer, close enough for his warm breaths to fall against Dream's lips, close enough where he can no longer work out the details of George's face because his vision is blurry with proximity.

He waits with bated breath, George closes the distance.

George kisses the side of his mouth first, he feels George's stubble graze his skin, setting it on fire. His ears are ringing, his heart is knocking against George's chest.

It's soft and unassuming, despite the build up. Dream tries to lean into it, turn his head more towards George, connect their lips properly.

But George has other plans apparently.

He pulls back slightly so Dream's kiss doesn't land. For a moment Dream's heart chills, he opens his eyes.

George doesn't let his heart fester in the cold for too long though. Upon seeing Dream's sudden distraught he opens his mouth to shut it down.

"I just want to take my time with you".

Dream lets the words sink in, tries to find any evidence on George's face that he doesn't want to do this. He comes back empty.

He nods and leans back, it's subtle but George sees it and continues his previous task.

Dream is looking at the ceiling when George's lips touch his skin again. They're soft and warm on his cheek, on the edge of his jaw. The soft touch of lips along with the scratch of stubble on George's chin is a thrilling combination.

He involuntarily turns his face away from George to give him more space to work with.

When George kisses his neck, the heat that had been slowly accumulating low in his stomach makes itself known once more, alongside the nerves that feel like a constant at this point.

George leaves a few open mouth kisses right under his jaw, he's not surprised when he hears himself sigh a little heavier, it's shaky and loud in the silence of his room.

He feels George's teeth against his skin, can only assume the sadistic prick is smiling.

"*Shut up.*" He feels his cheeks flush.

George huffs a laugh against his skin.

"I didn't say anything." It's whispered against his neck, he can feel George's lips catch on his skin around the syllables. Somehow, it feels more intimate than when his tongue was in the same place moments ago.

He lightly pushes against George's hold on him, impatient. He feels George bare his weight down on him even more

"*Don't move.*"

Dream can't be blamed for the way his hips raise off of his bed slightly at those words, like he's on autopilot.

George lets the reaction slide and Dream lets George continue his ministrations. His brain is trying to reboot itself anyway. George's suggestion.. no, *demand*, plays on loop in his head.

Dream's surprised to find one of his hands free when George moves his own to the other side of Dream's neck for leverage.

He doesn't bother moving his now free hand. As much as he wants to touch George, as much as his fingertips are numb with it. George said not to move, he'll get his chance.

George's fingers feel cool against his neck, they trace across overheated skin and tug softly at the collar of his jumper.

Dream would almost be embarrassed by how quick it makes his breath pick up if he wasn't so preoccupied by the places George is touching him.

George is still mouthing at his neck, soft, slow kisses turn into open ones, tongue wet and hot.

Dream closes his eyes tight for a moment when George sucks a mark at the junction between his neck and shoulder.

He runs his teeth over the spot after pulling away with an audible *pop*. The sound makes Dream flush, and George's teeth against his skin make him moan.

The older man doesn't tease him this time, just readjusts his grip on Dream, lets go of Dream's hand so he can hold Dream's wrist instead and still keep him pinned.

Dream brings his other hand into a fist, digs his fingernails into his palm to stop himself from reaching out.

George moves lower to an exposed collarbone, makes work of the soft skin there. His chest drags against Dream's own, feels like he takes his beating heart with it.

Dream can feel George's spit on his neck, cooling now that his mouth is no longer there. He would be grossed out at any other instance, it makes heat pool in his gut instead.

He can hear himself breathing heavily, chooses to close his mouth and breathe through his nose instead. George is still nipping and sucking at his collarbone and chest.

He wants more, he feels selfish for wanting more but he does. He wants George to kiss him properly. He feels like he's going to vibrate out of his own skin with want.

He's not above begging.

"George, *Please*."

George hears him, in a moment he's leaving his spot, crowding him again, moving his hands back to Dream's, giving gentle squeezes. It feels good being held and pushed down by George again. Feels safe in a way he never thought it would to be surrounded like this.

George kisses his way back up, leaving little brands in his wake. Tracing over the old ones.

He's *all* heat. Warm hands in his own, warm mouth burning his skin, warm breath catching on his neck, warm thighs squeezing his sides, warm chest knocking on his.

He retraces his steps, kisses over Dream's neck, scrapes his teeth over the mark that's bound to be purpling already. Leaves another open mouth kiss under his jaw.

Dream turns his face towards George, the latter kisses the side of his face, the corner of his mouth. His skin is buzzing and his heart is erratic with anticipation.

He closes his eyes right before their lips connect.

It's soft at first, unassuming. It makes his heart jump and blood rush in his ears. George's lips are so soft against his own slightly chapped ones.

Dream tries to push into the kiss, lifts his head slightly, pushes against George's hands, feels his chin bump George's. He *needs* to be closer to him. It doesn't make sense, they're already so close.

George doesn't let him get far, he pushes back with just as much force. Releases one of Dream's hands to run through the younger's hair instead, gripping and tugging to keep him in place.

Dream groans at the touch, feels shivers from the contact make their way down his spine to his toes.

He doesn't even think, hand now free, he finally lets himself touch George.

They're still kissing when Dream lays a hand against George's thigh. The older man opens his mouth as soon as Dream initiates the contact. Dream follows suit.

Their teeth clash a couple times before they fall into a rhythm. George's tongue is hot when it connects with his own. He's unsure how he's still breathing honestly, with George on top of him like this, taking his breath away like this, he's certain he shouldn't be alive right now.

He hears George's shaky breaths similar to his own, feels him strain from holding himself up. His brain short circuits when George rolls his hips down once against Dream's.

Dream squeezes George's thigh, hips doing the same involuntarily. Can't even think when George is nipping at his lips, pulling softly at his hair.

There's no hiding from the way his body reacts to George, no hiding his arousal. He doesn't want to anyway, not when George is *just* as affected.

He lifts the hand gripping George's thigh, pushes it up and under George's jumper, runs a gentle hand across his skin.

Dream feels George flinch when their skin touches, Dream's hand being ten times colder than George.

He accommodates Dream fast, pushes into the touch instead of pulling away. Dream feels sick with want, his head spins with the knowledge that George wants this, *George wants him*.

George pulls away from their kiss, lips red and shiny with spit. His pupils are blown and eyes are hooded. He leans down, rests the side of his face against Dream's shoulder for a moment, letting them both catch their breath.

Dream turns to face him when he's rolling off of him, laying beside him instead and blinking at the ceiling.

Dream takes a minute to rake his eyes over his friend. He's pulling and pushing the hair that sits on his forehead, swiping at the unruly strands until they sit somewhat comfortably.

There's a slight blush high on his cheekbones, whether it's from exertion or pleasure Dream doesn't know. It contrasts against his usual pale skin nicely, a soft pink that compliments the colour of his lips, it's pretty.

George is so *pretty*.

George takes a quick glance at Dream, turning his head and flicking his eyes between his features. He's tugging on the side of Dream's jumper before Dream can even say anything.

"C'mere."

Dream swallows heavy, he's past the point of no return, no thoughts in his head but *make George feel good*.

In seconds he's lifting himself up onto his knees. He wobbles a bit from being on his back for so long (and from George making him *literally* weak at the knees.)

He sees George open his legs, making room and so willing to acclimate for Dream. *God*.

Dream places his hands on George's knees, positions himself in the middle of George's legs, slowly pushes his hands down George's thighs.

He watches the way George's eyelashes flutter at the contact, watches the way his hair falls in front of his eyes, hooded and cast towards Dream. Chest heaving and lips kissed red.

George's left hand lightly touches his knee, and he's reminded for a moment of George's soft touches before this all happened.

He can't go back to that again. Can't even fathom only having George touch him like a *friend* when he's capable of so much *more*.

He leans forwards, places one hand next to George's shoulder to hold himself up, lets his other hand roam. Gives George a taste of his own medicine and teases fingertips low on exposed skin at his waist.

The pointed look Dream gives him makes George's eyes crinkle with mirth, smile white and blinding. Laugh soft and affectionate.

"You're an idiot." It's said with no real malice. George is shaking his head lightly at the ceiling, before pinching Dream's knee.

"Get on with it."

Dream doesn't have to be told twice. He slips his hand under George's hoodie, lays his palm flat against his stomach. It's ridiculous how small George looks against the tan skin of his own hand.

He can hear George's breath lose its tempo, he doesn't have the heart to look away from George's exposed skin though, too busy cataloguing all the small details he can find. Filing them away in case George never lets him have this again.

His stomach is soft and pale, just like the rest of him. There's a cropped trail of dark hair by the waist of his jeans that promises something more. Dream pointedly ignores it, he bookmarks it in his brain however, so he can come back to it later on.

Dream pushes his hand up higher, lays his fingers between the keys of George's ribcage.

George reacts like a magnet, arching his chest forward to push into Dream's touch. Now Dream understands how George felt before, when he had Dream at his mercy.

It's empowering, *intoxicating*. Makes him a little dizzy.

George doesn't let him get away with it for too long though. He raises a hand to Dream's neck, tugging the younger man closer and pulling himself up slightly at the same time.

When their lips connect this time it doesn't start off soft. George goes straight to pushing and pulling. Pushing his lips hard against Dream's own, pulling away, taking Dream's bottom lip between his teeth.

They fall back against the bed, hips flush, Dream finally lowers himself over George, he seems so small under him. A contrast to the ferocity with which he kisses.

He refuses to put all of his weight on George just yet, opts to readjust his arm so he's using his elbow to elevate himself instead. He still has a hand on George's skin. He squeezes and pulls at it, lets his nails scratch lightly over George's side.

George sucks in a sharp breath, lets their kisses get a little messy. Stops caring so much about precision and instead focuses more on what feels good.

It's a wonder Dream can even comprehend what's happening, he went from not touching George at all to touching him everywhere all at once. That's bound to overload anybody.

He kisses George with just as much fervour. Sighs through his nose whenever George's tongue meets his own. Wet and warm and so much more than he thought he'd ever get.

Dream's overheating in his hoodie, George's fingers pull through his hair, fingernails scratching at the base of his skull. He shivers despite his body temperature.

George squeezes his knees tighter around Dream's waist, uses his free hand to paw at his side, tries to pull Dream closer.

He succumbs eventually, Dream that is. Can't deny his want to be closer to George any longer.

He's not flush with George entirely, he still has a hand under his hoodie that makes things slightly difficult. But he can feel George's arousal against his lower stomach (which... *jesus*) and George has his palm on the side of his face so it's enough for now.

Dream pushes into the touch, encompasses George to the best of his ability. He peppers kisses on George's cheek, along his jaw, lips tingling when they catch on stubble.

Before he knows it he's got the skin of George's neck in his mouth and his tongue hot against a rapidly forming bruise.

He's still sucking when he decides to try his luck once more. He dips his fingers further under George's jumper, presses against his skin.

George stutters a sigh when Dream lets a finger brush his nipple. His hands in Dream's hair tug a little harder at the roots. He feels George swallow roughly while his mouth is against his neck.

Dream is going to lose his mind. Everything George does brings him a little closer to insanity.

When he's satisfied with the abuse of George's skin, he attempts damage control. Knows kisses don't actually fix things but hopes it soothes George's broken skin anyway.

Dream doesn't even get a chance to admire his work before George is tugging him back up into a bruising kiss. Dream's hand slips from George's chest on to the bed below them.

George takes the opening to pull Dream completely flush. He wraps a leg behind Dream, pushes him forward against George, rolls his hips as an incentive. Dream doesn't fight it, doesn't need George to convince him.

He collapses his other arm so his heart can beat in tandem with George's.

He feels the rough scrape of George's stubble against his own chin, feels the bump of his nose against his cheek. George somehow deepens their kiss, forces them to slow down, pushes his whole body up against Dream's while kissing.

George's open mouth is wet and hot against his own, he squeezes his hands into a tight fist, clenches his fingers whenever their tongues brush.

He's so turned on it's ridiculous, and all they've done is *kiss!* George seems so into it, so into *him*.

It brings heat to his face, makes his heart swell with affection.

George pulls away to catch his breath. Dream pants into George's mouth, would be embarrassed by that if he actually had a clear enough brain to process it.

His eyes are closed but he knows George's are on him. He turns his face and gives the corner of George's mouth a quick kiss.

When George shows no signs of disagreement, he steals a few more closed mouth kisses from the older.

They're slower than before, softer even. Sweeter after they've both taken a moment to cool down, less frantic than the demanding push and pull from earlier.

Dream's heart is still going a mile per minute though, and he notices a small tremor in George's hand that swipes a thumb over the skin of his cheek that wasn't there before. (Or maybe it was and he's only now just noticing.)

Dream pulls away, their lips disconnecting with an audible *click*. George chases his lips for a moment before falling back down against Dream's pillow.

Dream's never been more in love.

The thought doesn't scare him like he thought it would. It just makes sense.

It makes sense why he can touch George so easily, why he allows George to do the same. It makes sense why he wasn't surprised when they ended up here, tangled together like this, being intimate like this.

He always knew deep down this is where he wanted to be.

Dream pulls his arms underneath himself, straightening them so he can look at George in focus.

The older man is licking his bottom lip, drawing it between his teeth, Dream watches, desire on full display.

George's mouth curls into an arrogant smile which does nothing to stop the lust swirling low in Dream's stomach.

He bends down, tries to wipe the arrogance off with another kiss, it only makes George smile more. After a couple of brushes of lips pressed against teeth, George finally gets himself under control and kisses Dream back with purpose.

George's hand runs down his neck, across his shoulder, squeezes his upper arm.

The older man pulls away and licks his lips, hums in satisfaction.

"You're good at that." The coy tone of George's voice will replay in his head for days he *knows*.

"Kissing?" He whispers the question against George's mouth, bottom lip catching against George's own.

George shakes his head.

"All of it."

Dream's heart skips a few beats, he feels his skin flush at the praise. Ducking his head, he rests his forehead against George's chest.

He feels George chuckle softly before he hears it.

George pulls a hand through the back of Dream's hair, petting and untangling knots. He settles heavier against George, melting at the contact.

"You're so good, Dream."

Dream groans, turns his face to nip at George's chin. George only laughs at his reaction, pleased with himself.

"Stop." There's no real authority in it. He's not even sure if he wants George to stop the teasing.

But George stops, Dream is both disappointed and flattered.

They sit there in silence for a few moments, George scratching his nails against Dream's scalp. His lips are pressed to George's neck.

"Dream?"

He hums a reply, content to lie in their little quiet bubble.

"Kiss me, again."

Dream can't say no.

His body is heavy with lethargy, George could have put him to sleep playing with his hair like that.

But he prevails, he barely opens his eyes once he's hovering over George, can only give him languid kisses. A stark contrast to some of the past ones shared between the two of them.

George doesn't try to change their pace straight away. His hands in Dream's hair for the most part, stay gentle.

He does however, trace one hand down the side of Dream's neck to push against the mark he presumes has bloomed on his skin by now.

Dream's hips push forward instinctively at the pain. He reaches and pulls George's hand away from his neck, pinning it by his wrist beside George's head.

Dream knows that if he pulled back now, if he stopped kissing George, he'd see just how smug the older man looks.

He decides to grab George's other wrist, pulling his hand from his hair. Pins that one parallel to his other.

George makes a small noise of content in the back of his throat. Seemingly pleased with the new update. He pulls back, flicks his eyes between Dream's own and his kiss-bruised lips.

"I like this."

"Do you?"

George hums in agreement.

“Didn’t know you had it in you.”

The part of Dream’s brain that can never turn down a challenge starts blaring flashing red lights at him. He knows George is just egging him on, trying to get a rise out of him.

He’s so easy to rile up, he wants to prove George wrong. Doesn’t want to react to George’s provocation.

His mind’s already made up though.

He leans back a bit, brings both of George’s hands above his head. He watches George the entire time, watches his pupils dilate, watches how his lips part in anticipation.

He brings both of George’s wrists under one hand, puts just enough pressure on them so George can *feel* it.

He watches George’s eyes, looks for any discomfort, finds nothing but *want*.

God, does Dream *want* him, too.

Screw taking their time. He reaches for the button on George’s jeans, unbuttons it easily. He’s got George’s zipper halfway down when he hears a noise.

There’s a knock on his door. It pulls him out of his trance fast.

“Shit. *Shit shit shit*.”

He’s rolling off of George quicker than his own brain can fathom.

His door opens.

“Hey, have you seen Geo-“

Sapnap stops mid sentence. Blinks at them both.

Dream doesn’t even want to know what he looks like, he glances at George, sees the tail-end of him pulling his hoodie back over his torso. Watches him shake his hair and swipe at the hair in front of his eyes.

His cheeks are pink and his lips are kiss-bruised. Even if Sapnap didn’t see Dream on top of George, it’s obvious what they were up to.

“What do you need?”

He doesn’t even know how George is speaking right now, Dream is currently mentally burying himself alive. He can feel his embarrassment clear as day on his face.

It takes a moment but Sap finally stutters out an answer. Dream doesn’t look up at him.

He picks at the skin around his nails while they speak. He doesn’t tune into their conversation, isn’t sure if he could with the sound of blood rushing in his ears.

He doesn’t tune back into his surroundings until there’s a distinct *click* of a door shutting, and George is moving to stand up.

Dream’s heart stops, didn’t anticipate George leaving anytime soon.

“Where are you going?” The question comes out shaky, telling of his nerves.

George watches him as he grabs his phone off of the bedside table.

“*Relax.*” He pockets his phone and walks around Dream’s bed to the side that the younger man is sitting on.

“I was meant to film a video with Sap, I forgot that’s all.” He stops in front of Dream, who’s sitting on the edge of his bed.

George slots his legs in between Dream’s, runs a hand through his hair. At this angle, with George standing and him sitting, Dream has to look up a little to catch George’s eyes.

George rests his hand on Dream’s face, plays with the hair behind his ear.

He feels a weird sense of relief wash over him when George tilts his chin down to catch his lips in a soft kiss.

The past, who knows how long has been an emotional roller coaster for Dream. He doesn’t know what he would have done if after this they went back to normal.

Dream relaxes into the kiss, lets his erratic heart ease a tiny bit, brings a hand up to rest against George’s waist.

When George pulls away, this time he feels a lot less worried.

“When we’re finished, I’ll come back here.” He’s speaking so soft towards Dream, thumb tracing a patternless path across his cheek.

Dream loves him.

God, Dream loves him.

“What if I’m not in my room.”

George laughs softly, tosses his head back for a second. He tilts his head to the side momentarily in contemplation, pushes his hair out of his eyes.

“Then I will-“ there’s a pause, “I’ll come find you.”

Dream’s heart aches. He’s never felt so infatuated with someone before. He ducks his head, leans against George’s chest.

George starts petting Dream again, fingertips against his scalp. He stops and sighs when his phone buzzes in his pocket, presumably from Sapnap.

George uses his hands to tilt Dream’s face up. Kisses his lips once, does it again until Dream kisses back.

“I won’t be long.” It’s whispered against his mouth. Dream believes him.

George leaves a few more quick kisses on Dream’s mouth before he’s pulling away, hands leaving his face.

“I’ll be back.” He’s already walking towards Dream’s bedroom door.

When the door shuts behind George, Dream finds that he already misses him. He can't tell if it's less or more than the feeling of missing out on George when he didn't live with them and when there was oceans between them.

He thinks maybe more, now that he knows what it's like to have George in his hands.

It's okay though, *George will come find him.*

End Notes

Title from 'Nervous' by The Neighbourhood.

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